

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisano*,
Every good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
To haue them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrust.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistis: Peace,
He giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpose. He disrobe me
Of these Italian weedies, and suite my selfe
As do's a Britaine Pezant: so He fight
Against the part I come with: so He dye
For thee (*O Imogen*) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnkowne,
Pitied, not hated, to the face of perill
My selfe I dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'th *Leonati* in me:
To shame the guize o'th world, I will begin,
The fashion lesse without, and more within.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and the *Romane Army* at one doore:
and the *Britaine Army* at another: *Leonatus Posthumus*
following like a poore Souldier. They march on, and goe
out. Then enter againe in Skirmish *Iachimo* and *Posthu-*
mus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth *Iachimo*, and then
leaves him.

Iac. The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princeesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeeble me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
If that thy Gentry (*Britaine*) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we carle are men, and you are Goddes. Exit.

The Battaille continues, the Britaines fly, *Cymbeline* is
taken: Then enter to his rescue, *Bellarinus*, *Guiderius*,
and *Arviragus*.

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th' advantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feates.

Gai. Arui. Stand, stand, stand fight.

Enter *Posthumus* and seconds the *Britaines*. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exit.

Then enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and *Imogen*.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such

As warre were hood-wink'd.

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Posthumus*, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Lor. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaughter: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Toolles to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damnd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned shame.

Lor. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Souldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then thole for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled,
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in asse as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accomoded by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
Damnd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th Hunters. Then beganne
A stop i'th Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they stopp Eagles: Slaues
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound;
Some flaine before some dying; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th Field.

Lor.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you heare,

Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,

And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:

"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preferred the Britaines, was the Romane's bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Post. Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Pee, He be his Friend:

For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,

I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.

You haue put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery

To be i'th Field, and aske what newes of me:

To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours

To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,

And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd

Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,

Not feele him where he strooke. Being an egly Monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we

That draw his kniues i'th War. Well I will finde him:

For being now a Favourite to the Britaine,

No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Heere made by'th Romane; great the Answer be

Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,

On eyther side I come to spend my breath;

Which neyther heere He keepe, nor beare agen,

But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,

'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gaue th' Affront with them.

1 So 'tis reported:

But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman,

Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,

A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell

What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice

As if he were of note: bring him to'th King.

Enter *Cymbeline*, *Bellarinus*, *Guiderius*, *Arviragus*, *Pisano*, and
Romane Captiues. The Captaines present *Posthumus* to
Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Posthumus*, and *Gaoler*.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,

You haue lockes vpon you:

So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2 *Gao.* I, or a stomacke.

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way

(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better

Then one that's sicke o'th Gowr, since he had rather

Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th Iure Physician, Death; who is the key
To vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, & wrists; you good Gods giue me
The penitent Instrumēt to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeale;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrue againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For *Imogen* deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coynd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they weigh not euery stampe:
Though light, take Peecees for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audir, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
He speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) *Sicilius Leo-*
natus, Father to *Posthumus*, an old man, attyred like a war-
riour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, &
Mother to *Posthumus*) with *Musicke* before them. Then
after other *Musicke*, follows the two young *Leonati* (Bro-
thers to *Posthumus*) with wounds as they died in the warre.
They circle *Posthumus* round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
Shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I neuer saw:
Idy'de whil't in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong't his Foes.

A thing of pittie.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stuffe so faire:
That he d. seru'd the praise o'th World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his parallell?
Or fruitfull obiect bee?
In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme
his dignitie.

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her,
his deereft one:
Sweete *Imogen*?

Sic. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy,
bbb 3 To